

Illustration: Richard Star

ROCKY LANE

A Famous Publication

Featuring His Studied
BLACK JACK

APR.

10¢

NO. 4

WESTERN



READ THE COMPLETE, ACTION-PACKED WESTERN NOVEL:
THE WAMPUM WRANGLERS!

HEY GANG!

LET'S BUILD THESE
ELECTRIC MOTOR POWERED
MODELS! IT'S EASY WITH
MECHANIX ILLUSTRATED
FULL SIZE PLANS!



BUICK CONVERTIBLE

Have a great chance to make this accurate 10 inch Buick model complete with seats and wheels well tread. Powered with a little electric motor connected to flashlight batteries in the body, you can steer this model in any direction or make it go straight! And these full size plans are so easy to follow that even if you've never built a model you can make this unique model. Plans and only 22 cents, postpaid. Order Plan No. 387.



CHEVROLET

Here's a 10-inch better model of the world's most popular automobile—the Chevrolet! Also powered with a battery-driven motor, this "Chevy" looks just like the real car. Building from these easy-to-follow plans is as easy as ABC. Plans and only 22 cents. Send for yours now today. Order Plan No. 402.

HOW TO ORDER:

Send 25 cents for each plan to MECHANIX ILLUSTRATED, Plan Service, Foxcroft Building, Greenwich, Conn. Please order by name of plan and the number.



The following outstanding magazines are equally identified
as those covers by the words A FAWCETT PUBLICATION

CAPT. MARVEL ADVENTURES • LONE LANE WESTERN • THE MARVEL FAMILY • FAWCETT'S FANTASY ANIMALS
WILD DOGS • WESTERN HERO • ROCKY LANE WESTERN • WYOMING THE JUNGLE CALL • GARY HARRIS WESTERN
CAPT. MARVEL JR. • MATTHEW CORNELL • TOM MIX WESTERN • NIGHTS BACK WESTERN • HERRALD COUNTRY
FOR LAMARCA WESTERN • BILL BOND WESTERN • SIX GUN HEROES • FAWCETT MOVIE COMIC • THE COLT
WESTERN PICTURE COMIC • THE LITTLE WESTERN

Every effort is made to insure that these comic magazines
contain the highest quality of wholesome entertainment

W. A. Fawcett, Jr., President

REPUBLIC PICTURES' STAR



Rocky Lane

in
**THE WAMPUM
WRANGLERS!**

CHAPTER ONE
MASSACRE!

GET GOING,
BLACK JACK!
WE'VE GOT A
PASSAGE TO
BUT OUT
BEFORE IT
REALLY GETS
STARTED!

REVENGE! BOW
THE SEEDS OF DISTRUST
AND HATRED IN A CRIMPT
PLOT TO LURE THEIR
OWN FLOCKS WITH
TINKLED GOLD - - -
UNTIL THE UNDOUBTABLE
FIGHTING, SECRET AGENT
SHALL ROCKY LANE
SEND HIS GUNST
STALLION BLACK JACK
RAMPAGING INTO ACTION
AGAINST THE WAMPUM
WRANGLERS!



ROCKY LANE WESTERN, April 1952, Vol. 4, No. 34, is published monthly by Fawcett Publications, Inc., Pleasant Place, Greenwich, Conn. Entered as
second class matter Feb. 24, 1949, at the post office, Greenwich, Conn., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Additional entry at Lancaster, Pa. Copy
right 1952 by Fawcett Publications, Inc. Trademark of Fawcett Publications, Inc. Editorial and advertising offices: 67 N. 10th St., 14th Fl., New York 17, N. Y.
Main: BR 3-2000; Cable: FAWCETT; Radio: WJLB 12. Second-class postage paid at Greenwich, Conn. Subscription rate: \$4.00 per year in advance.
Printed in U. S. A.

ROCKY LANE WESTERN





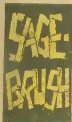
ROCKY LANE WESTERN



ROCKY LANE WESTERN







"MOOSE CALL!"





ROPING 'N' RIDING

With



4024 NORTH RADFORD AVE.
NORTH HOLLYWOOD, CALIF.

HOWDY, PARTNERS!

IF I'M LOOKING KIND OF EXTRA HAPPY TODAY, IT'S BECAUSE OF THIS SPANNING-MEN SADDLE I HAVE HERE. A NEW SADDLE TO A COWBOY IS PRETTY MUCH LIKE A NEW SUIT TO AN EASTERNER. AND DON'T EVER THINK THAT A SADDLE IS JUST A SADDLE OR THAT THEY'RE ALL ALIKE. NO, SIR! EVERY SADDLE SERVES THE SAME PURPOSE, TO MAKE RIDING LONG HOURS EASIER, BUT A COWBOY RIDES HIS SADDLE DIFFERENTLY FOR DIFFERENT KINDS OF RIDING.

WHEN A COWBOY ARRANGES HIS SADDLE IN A SPANISH RIG, THE "CINCH" OR WIDE LEATHER BAND THAT GOES UNDER THE HORSE'S CHEST IS STRAPPED UP FORWARD SO THAT IT PASSES AROUND THE FRONT OF THE POHY'S CHEST.

IN A CENTER FIRE RIG, THE CINCH STRAP IS PLACED DIRECTLY IN THE CENTER OF THE SADDLE SO THAT IT PASSES UNDER THE CENTER OF THE HORSE. SOME COWPUNCHERS SAY A CENTER FIRE RIG IS MUCH BETTER FOR ANY WORK WHERE THE RIDER HAS TO DO A LOT OF BENDING OUT OF THE SADDLE TO EITHER SIDE.

THEN THERE'S THE DOUBLE RIG, THAT'S A SADDLE RIGGED WITH TWO CINCH STRAPS WHICH PASS UNDER THE POHY. ON THE OPEN PLAINS, MOST COWPUNCHERS USE THE SINGLE RIG, BUT IN HEAVY MOUNTAIN COUNTRY, A DOUBLE RIG HOLDS THE SADDLE ON BETTER.

YES, DIFFERENT KINDS OF RIDING TAKE DIFFERENT KINDS OF SADDLE RIGS, JUST THE WAY DIFFERENT JOBS TAKE SPECIALIZED TRAINING. LOTS OF FOLKS TAKE ON A JOB THAT REQUIRES SPECIAL TRAINING OR EQUIPMENT AND FALL DOWN ON IT. BUT A SMART HANO KNOWS THAT IF YOU'RE OUT FOR A SPECIAL TYPE OF RIDING, OR A SPECIAL KIND OF WORK, IT'S UP TO YOU TO RIG YOUR SADDLE OR PREPARE YOURSELF RIGHT FOR THE JOB. REMEMBER THAT AND YOU'LL ALWAYS MAKE GOOD ON ANY JOB!

WELL, PARTNERS, BLACK JACK AND I'VE GOT TO BE AMBLING ON NOW, BUT WE'LL BE LOOKING FOR ALL OF YOU NEXT MONTH!

YOUR PAL,

Allen 'Rocky' Lane
AND
BLACK JACK





Now You Can Get ROCKY LANE WESTERN Each Month, By Mail
(Please print your name clearly in pencil)

FAWCETT PUBLICATIONS INC.
SUBSCRIPTION DEPARTMENT
GREENWICH, CONN.

YES, send me **ROCKY LANE WESTERN** every month.

I am enclosing \$ in full payment

Name

Address

City Zone State

Subscription Rates for U. S. and Possessions
and Pan America

(CHECK ONE)

☐ 12 issues for \$1.20

☐ 24 issues for \$2.25

☐ 36 issues for \$3.00

Sorry, no subscriptions sent to Canada,
For other foreign countries, add 50 cents per year.

**GIFT SUBSCRIPTIONS FOR
YOUR FRIENDS**

FAWCETT PUBLICATIONS INC.
SUBSCRIPTION DEPARTMENT
GREENWICH, CONN.

YES, send **ROCKY LANE WESTERN** every month to the names below, as my gift

Name

Address

City Zone State

☐ 12 issues ☐ 24 issues ☐ 36 issues

Name

Address

City Zone State

☐ 12 issues ☐ 24 issues ☐ 36 issues

My gift card should read

I enclose \$ for the above orders

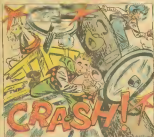
DEE DICKENS

120

**THE
LOST
JOB**

HEY DEE DICKENS!
WHERE DO YUH THINK
YO'RE GOING?

RELAX, BOOS!
I CAN FOLLOW THIS
ROAD WITH MUR
EYES CLOSED!



SO YUH KNEW
THIS ROAD
WITH YOUR EYES
CLOSED!

MAYBE I
SHOULD HAVE
PICKED!



IT'S A LUCKY THING FOR
YUH THIS FIVE HUNDRED
DOLLAR WAGE DIDNT
BREAK OR I WOULD
HAVE FIRED YUH!

THAT'S WHAT
I LIKE ABOUT THE
WEST! EVERY-
BODY GETS A
REAL CHANCE
TO MAKE GOOD!



YO'RE A GOOD EXAMPLE
OF THAT! YUH GOT A CHANCE
TO MAKE GOOD AND YUH
BECAME A PERFECT
IDIOT!

ONE MORE
CRACK LIKE
THAT JENKINS
AND I'LL CUT
THE STRINGS
THAT HOLD YUH
UP!



ROCKY LANE WESTERN



ROCKY LANE WESTERN



ROCKY LANE WESTERN



REPUBLIC PICTURES' STAR

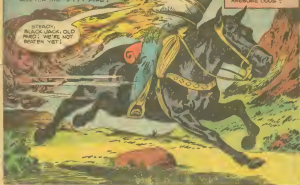
Rocky Lane

THE WAMPUM WRANGLERS

CHAPTER TWO PITFALL!

ON THUNDERB THE GREAT STALLION DOWN THE TRAIL TOWARD CERTAIN DEATH! AND AS THE FLAMES GROW HOTTER, A PIECE OF DETERMINATION GROINS IN THE STOUT FIGHTING HEART OF ROCKY LANE! A DETERMINATION TO MEET DEATH IN A SHOWDOWN WITH NO HOLDS BARRED! CAN EVEN THE INDOUBTABLE ROCKY LANE HOPE TO WIN AGAINST SUCH AN ENEMY DOGS?

STEADY, BLACK JACK, OLD FART! WE'RE NOT BROTHER YET!



HEAD FOR WATER, BLACK JACK!



AS HIS MASTER'S WORDS FLASH TO HIS HEED, BURN, THE GREAT STALLION'S HEAD JERKS BACK AND HIS NOSE REARS THE WIND! SUDDENLY, HE WHIRLS AND GOES —

—STREAKING IN A TERRIFIC BURST OF SPEED, STRAIGHT FOR WATER!



FASTER, BLACK JACK! OUR LIVES DEPEND UPON YOUR SPEED! IT'S UP TO YOU, FART!

ROCKY LANE WESTERN



ROCKY LANE WESTERN



ROCKY LANE WESTERN



ROCKY LANE WESTERN



ROCKY LANE WESTERN





SPACE EYES GLARE BALEFULLY AND MURDEROUS-AMASS OLEEN AS THE Savage BEAST CROOCHES TENSELY---WHILE ROCKY LANE STARES TO WIFE THE CORNERS FROM HIS MURDER MIND!



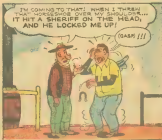
SODDENDY, THE GREAT BEAST SPRINGS STRAIGHT AT ITS PREY!



CAN ANY POWER ON EARTH STOP THIS ORIEL AWALANCHE OF BLOODTHIRSTY FURY? READ CHAPTER II -- THE ROUNDUP!

gopher- face

SOME LUCK!





QUIZ

SEE HOW MANY YOU CAN ANSWER CORRECTLY!
 1 CORRECT ANSWER — 1 CORRECT ANSWER
 2 CORRECT ANSWERS — 2 CORRECT ANSWERS
 3 CORRECT ANSWERS — 3 CORRECT ANSWERS

1. GLACIERS CAN GROW FROM FOUR TO SIXTY FEET IN A DAY

TRUE _____ FALSE _____



2. THE ANGEL FALLS IN VENEZUELA ARE THE HIGHEST IN THE WORLD

TRUE _____ FALSE _____



3. THE SCHOONER HESPERUS MENTIONED IN LONGFELLOW'S POEM, WAS A REAL SCHOONER.

TRUE _____ FALSE _____



4. WHISTLER'S FATHER INVENTED THE ORIGINAL LOCOMOTIVE WHISTLE

TRUE _____ FALSE _____



5. THE LIGHTNING ALWAYS FOLLOWS THE THUNDER

TRUE _____ FALSE _____



ANSWERS:

1. TRUE 2. FALSE 3. TRUE 4. TRUE 5. FALSE
 THE HESPERUS WAS A REAL SCHOONER
 BASED ON THE POEM BY LONGFELLOW
 "THE SCHOONER HESPERUS"

BAITED WITH GOLD

By Hank Spector



SLIM McLANE braced himself against the brake to ease the stagecoach down the sharp turn, he thought that if he was ever to be held up, this would be the place. For here, to avoid a rocky outcropping, the road dipped and swerved sharply into a thick clump of pines. The trees crowded close together, and their branches interlaced overhead, so that even at midday the road was a dark, twisting tunnel.

Slm peered anxiously into the shadows, his mind by the sudden transition from glaring sunshine to heavy gloom. This was to place for an ambush, and this could be the day, for in the box under his seat lay two bags of gold, being shipped out by the mining company. Tug Evans, the manager of the company, had thought it better to depend on secrecy, rather than to advertise the shipment by adding an armed guard. Slim wished he had a passenger or two inside the coach, but in this remote leg of the run, from the time to the first town, he seldom carried anything but the mail.

Suddenly, the shadows ahead seemed to break and move. A man stepped into the roadway in front of the horses. He wore a neckerchief tied over his face, up to his eyes, and his upturned arm held a ready six-gun.

As Slim twisted down for his rifle, there sounded the crash of a shot that seemed to explode alongside his skull, and sent him falling into darkness.

When he regained his senses, he was lying between mud and pine needles that blanketed the road. His body was sore and bruised, and his head was stiff with blood that had oozed from a deep scalp wound, but as he pulled himself to his feet, he found that he had suffered no more serious hurt. On shaky legs, he walked slowly up the road, and around the next bend came upon the stagecoach. The horses were standing in comfortable idleness. The mail was untouched, but the box under the driver's seat was open, and empty.

It was an angry and incredulous mine manager that Slim had to face at the end of his return trip. "What do you mean, he caught you unprepared?" he stormed. "You know what you were carrying. You should have been prepared."

"I couldn't help it," Slim replied miserably. "I couldn't see what was ahead in those woods and he got the drop on me."

"A fine buckaroo you are," Tug snorted. "Letting a single gunman loot that gold as easy as taking candy from a baby." His eyes narrowed with suspicion. "Tell me," he added, "how come you were never held up before—only this time, when you were carrying my gold? Did you let anybody else know about your cargo? You know that I keep my mouth shut. I took those bags out of the company safe at night and brought them to your room. There was no slip at my end of the job."

"There was none at my end, either," Slim retorted. But his mind was flustered from one doubt to another.

"What about that kid brother of yours?" Tug asked. "He usually hangs around when you're loading, and he even rides along with you sometimes. Did he know what you were carrying?"

"No no," Slim replied, with painful slowness. "I—I'm pretty sure he didn't." But the kid had looked curiously at the heavy bags. Slim trusted him, of course, but the kid was young, and a bit wild, and some of those wranglers he ran around with were not the kind of people Slim liked to see his brother with.

"Jim's all right," he continued, as much to himself as to Tug Evans. "And I give you my word I didn't tell him a thing."

"Your word isn't worth two bags of the company's gold," Evans replied curtly. "The stuff's insured, but it's my responsibility to avoid this sort of trouble. This may even mean my job."

Slim's body ached, and his head wound was still throbbing. "I'm sorry," he said. "We took a chance, and we lost out. Right now, I don't know what we can do about it. Maybe I'll be able to think more clearly after a night's sleep."

Evans spat out the stump of his cigar. "You stick to your driving, and leave the thinking to me," he growled. "I am to get this robbery cleared up before the insurance snoopers come down on us. Now this is what I am to do. I'll set a trap for that stock-up man."

"A trap?" Slim echoed. "How?"

Evans dropped his voice to a whisper. "I'll

send out another shipment of gold within a couple of days. Nobody would be expecting us to try it again so soon after being held up. But we'll do everything exactly as we did the first time. And we'll make sure that nobody knows anything about it, except you, and me—and your kid brother. If anything happens this time, I'll know where to send the sheriff."

Tired as he was, Slim didn't get much sleep that night. He didn't like the sort of trap that Tug Evans had suggested because it would be for only one person—his brother, Jim. If the shipment were to go through without any trouble, Evans could say that Jim had seized the trap, and had decided to be satisfied with the loot of the first job. On the other hand, if there should be another holdup, the mine manager would directly accuse Jim.

Maybe it would be wise to make sure that not even Jim got an inkling this time of the precious shipment. But Slim immediately rejected the thought. Was he also beginning to suspect his brother, or at best, his brother's friends? On the other hand, he could arrange for Jim to be conspicuously busy that day, so that no one could connect him with anything that might happen out on the stagecoach line. But after further restless turning, Slim dismissed that plan also. He would rather do nothing that might upset Tug Evans' scheme. He wanted the trap to be set. He wanted his brother, and perhaps himself, to be vindicated. And therefore, he would set an additional trap of his own.

Several mornings later, as he prepared for his regular run, Slim carried down to the stable his personal gear, plus two heavy canvas bags. His brother helped him harness up the team of horses, and to stow the bags under the driver's seat. The mine manager sauntered past, chewing his cigar, observing the scene with apparent carelessness. He walked around the corner of the mine office. Jim walked away in the opposite direction.

Five minutes later, Slim cracked his whip, and the stagecoach lurched into motion. On the outskirts of the tiny settlement, Slim pulled the horses to a halt. Two men dashed out of an alleyway and climbed hastily into the coach. The door slammed shut, and the horses again dashed forward.

It was getting on toward noon as the tired horses approached the pine woods. The men within the coach slid off the seat and crouched on the floor, where they could not be seen from outside the vehicle. Slim hushed his

holster around to the front, where he could get at the revolver more easily from a sitting position.

Then the horses plunged into the leafy burl which enveloped them in silence and gloom. Slim's heart thudded in his chest, and he hardly breathed as he peered anxiously about. Was the trap going to be sprung? The gallop that was being offered, and Slim was just a bit, sitting unprotected above the covered box.

Suddenly he was aware of a moving shape ahead, at the side of the road. The man stopped out and fired, but at the same instant he tumbled backward off his seat, untouched by the bullet. As the stagecoach swept before him and the masked man, he yanked out his gun and darted behind a tree.

He peered out to see that the man he stopped the horses, and was reaching up with one hand for the wooden box, while still holding his gun ready. A bullet chopped the back an inch from Slim's head. He jerked back, but a moment later looked out again to see that the man had taken not the box, but the rifle that lay beside it. He was now leading the horses out of the woods, while keeping the rifle pointed in Slim's direction.

Against the superior weapon, Slim would have no chance. But one of the coach doors suddenly opened, and out leaped young Jim, six-shooter in hand. Before the masked man could swing the rifle around, Jim's shot tore into his arm, knocking the weapon to the ground.

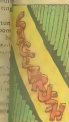
Slim rushed in, just as Jim had reached the man and torn the neckerchief from his face. He was Tug Evans, the mine manager!

"Ha, I kind of thought it might be you," Slim said. "You were the only other person who knew about the shipments, and you was trying to get your company's gold."

"THAT'S your story," answered Evans, holding his bleeding arm. "Nobody saw your brother get into the coach this morning. I'll say that I hid inside it, to protect my shipment, and that your brother held us up. I'll also say that you were in cahoots with him, which is how he knew about the gold shipments, and how you were able to get the drop on me here. I think my story sounds better than yours, and the sheriff would be more inclined to believe me."

The stagecoach door opened again, and the second man stepped out. "I won't believe you now," he said. Evans turned to stare in dismay at the sheriff. "Evans," the lawman continued, "you seem to have gotten caught in your own trap. Now get into that coach and let's get back to town so I can lock you up."

THE END



"SO LONG!"



"WELL, WELL, WHAT DO YOU KNOW 'BOUT THAT?"



"SOMETHING INTERESTING IN THE PAPER, SASSIBREUGH?"

"AND HOW! (A) THE CITIES, THEY'RE NOT GOING TO HAVE LAMPPOSTS ANY LONGER!"



"WHY NOT?"

"BECAUSE--"



"...THEY'RE LONG ENOUGH NOW!"

Favorite Motion Picture Comics bring you...

PARAMOUNT
PICTURES...

WHEN WORLDS COLLIDE

A PARAMOUNT PICTURE
COLOR BY
TECHNICOLOR

- ☆ FANTASTIC!
- ☆ STUPENDOUS!
- ☆ UNBELIEVABLE!
- ☆ ASTONISHING!

DON'T MISS
THE MOVIE!

DON'T MISS THE COMIC!

10¢ OFF YOUR COPY AT YOUR FAVORITE NEWSSTAND 10¢

REPUBLIC PICTURES' STAR

Rocky Lane

in
**THE WAMPUM
WRANGLERS**

PART THREE - THE ROUNDUP!

THE KILLER
COWBOY HURTLER
THROUGH THE AIR AT
ROCKY LANE'S THROAT,
THE GREAT BRULLION,
BLACK JACK YIELDS!



---AND PLUNGED TO MEET THE
TERRIBLE FORT, WITH BLAZING
EYES AND FLASHING FOREFEET!



LOOK OUT, BLACK JACK!
IT'S GETTING READY TO
SPRING AT YOUR THROAT!



IT'S GOT BLACK JACK!
I'VE GOT TO MOVE
FAST!





A STAMPEDE OF WILD BRONCS
---- HEADING STRAIGHT TOWARD US!









BEHOLD! IT IS ROCKY LANE GOVARD BACK, THE BAD WHITE MEN!

ROCKY LANE WESTERN



Extra! Extra! EXTRA!

**YOU...
CAN GET
"ROCKY'S"**



**PHOTOGRAPH WITH "BLACK JACK"
AUTOGRAPHED TO YOU PERSONALLY!**

SEND FOR IT TODAY!

Enclose the coupon and \$5.00 for one (LARGE) photo (not a drawing but an actual photograph) of "ROCKY" and "BLACK JACK" autographed to you personally.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

~~~~~  
If you want 3 LARGE photos of "ROCKY" and "BLACK JACK" all autographed to you personally, enclose \$15.00 Address: ROCKY LANE, 4004 North Bedford Avenue, North Hollywood, Calif.

# *a big, new book for* **MODEL BUILDERS**



If you're an active model builder or if you're only starting to work with models, read this here is a book you'll keep for years! Packed with accurate plans and instructions for building over 25 different control-line and free-flight model airplanes, battery driven boats and scale automobiles, **Handbook for MODEL BUILDERS** also contains a complete list of all gas engines, tips on building and a special story on **GETTING STARTED IN MODEL BUILDING!**

If your dealer cannot supply you, order your book by mail from: **FAWCETT BOOKS, Dept. C-4, Greenwich, Connecticut. Please specify Fawcett Book No. 112.**

## ***Just Look What This Book Contains!***

- 144 pages
- Plans for 25 TESTED projects
- Hundreds of photographs
- Gas Model Airplane Plans
- Model Boat Plans
- Model Car Plans
- plus many other models



***At Your Local Newsstand 75 Cents a Copy***

— *Real Rights*



© 2004 Blackwell Publishing Ltd, *Journal of Internal Medicine* 255: 111–118



**261 PRIZES GIVEN**  
in this exciting New Nation-wide  
**DAISY SHOOTIN' CONTEST**

TROPHY 2  
CUPS Plus 2  
9 GOLD MEDALS

Plus 257

## AIR RIFLES

**Plus 4 FREE**

**RYDER**

## RANCH TRIPS

Yesterday I conducted a team of three, to some one of the 3 Little Pines, to Holy Savior's Ranch on one of the best and richest timber lands and ranches in the country.

1922, ending May 29. It had been  
from a Daisy from a local source. It is  
awarded on the local source. It is  
awarded on the local source. It is

[illegible][illegible]

It is clear that the company that stands out in the market is the one that has the most qualified human resources.

Sh... the ... Dairy 1000-Share

**Enter Now!**

Get  
**CONTE**  
**DAISY DEALER**  
**MAIL COUPON**

**10 RED RYDER**, Case of  
Latin Manufacturing Company  
Sept 1242, Plymouth Mass. U.S.A.  
I require several big stamps  
to help pay mailing cost. Name  
must carry company's copyright and

2240



100

[illegible][illegible]

## RED RYDER

**COWBOY CASINO**

111

\$575

[illegible]

## DAISY Air Rifles

© 2007 Blackwell Publishing Ltd, *Journal of Internal Medicine* 262: 124-130